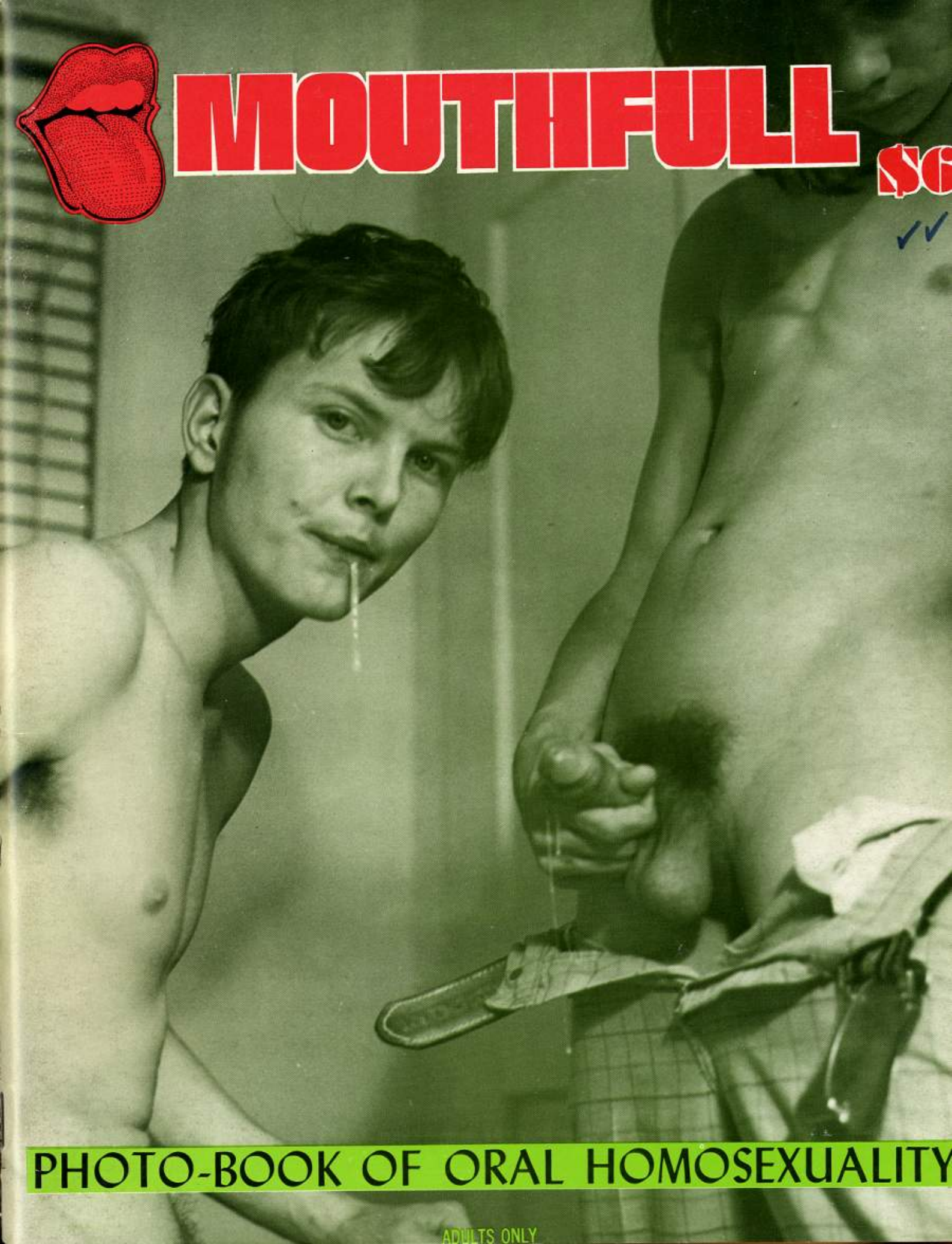
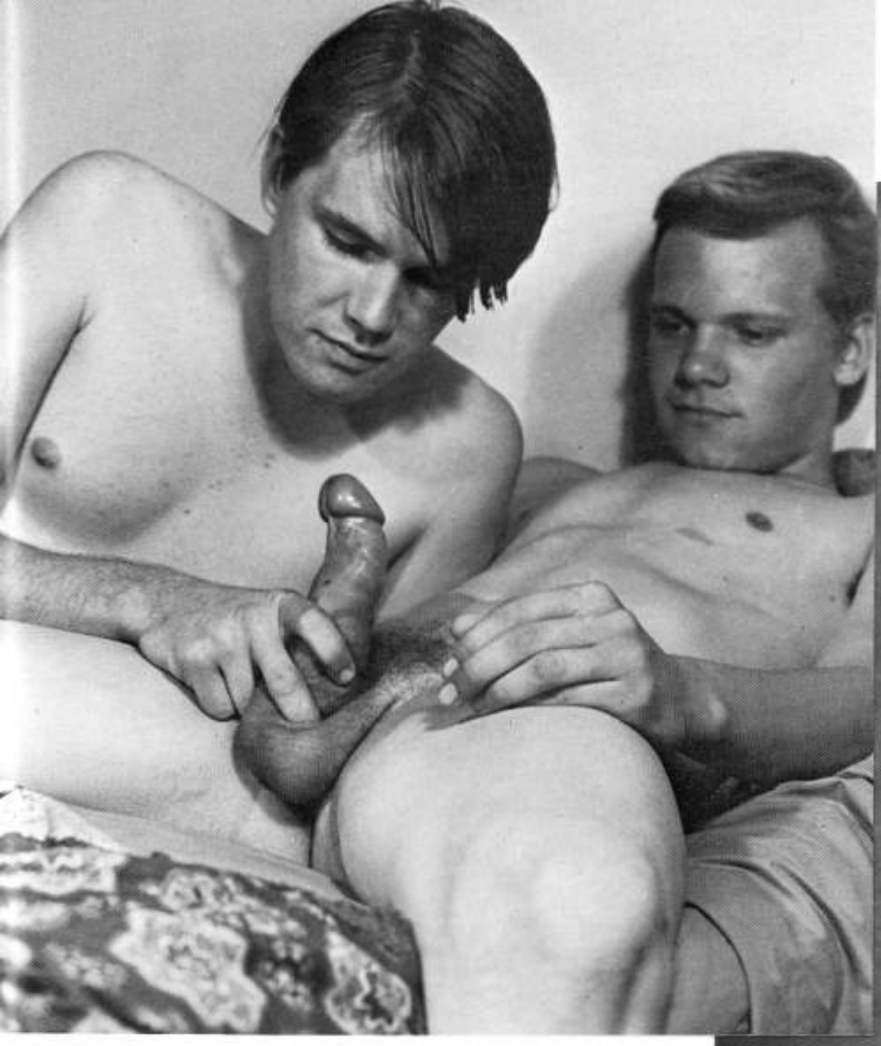

MOUTHFULL
$6
PHOTO-BOOK OF ORAL HOMOSEXUALITY
ADULTS ONLY

MINI-P

★

★

★



Brett gets his fill!

Brett stood in front of the full length mirror and admired his naked body. He was well put together and he knew it. The reflection flexed well muscled shoulders and arms, expanded deep hairy chest, nice belly, strong hairy legs and Brett watched his hands stroking his Pride and Joys. His cock stiff and hard, jutting almost straight up, the balls swollen and tingling slightly, needing to release their load. It was a temptation, but Brett resisted the urge to jack-off. **Hell, you could always jack-off.** Brett had some things better in mind. He smiled at his thoughts while buttoning up a neat, tight fitting body shirt, stuffed his hard cock down one pant leg of tight fitting chinos and slipped into soft desert boots. Once more Brett looked into the mirror image of the man he admired most. Neato. He could see the ridge of his cock down his pant leg, later when it went limp it would make a noticeable bulge laying over his balls. **If you got, advertise it!** Brett was hot to go, really hot! He banged out of the apartment, his "urges" hurrying him on to the Oak Crest Country Club where he caddied.

Brett frowned, he had drawn an old duffer! Looked to be in his late 60's or early 70's. On the first tee though Brett noticed the old boy was in fairly good physical shape and became aware the old man was taking sly, sidelong glances at his crotch. Brett suppressed a smile. **Why the old fart probably couldn't even get it up, let alone come.** Brett thrust his loins slightly forward making the bulge between his legs more obvious. Brett thought the old boy was going to drop his teeth. It was difficult to keep his face blank of any expression other than that of an attentive good caddy.

On the third tee they climbed back into the golf cart. The old man reached over and caressed Brett lightly between the legs. "Caddying all you do?" Brett simply spread his legs a little wider to let the old boy get a good feel, which he did, and Brett thought his prick would rip through his pants.

"I think your ball went over there in the rough!" Brett indicated the heavy timber that ran along one side of the course. The old man knew damned well he had driven straight and true to the fourth green but the answer to his unsaid proposition started getting him excited. He eased the cart off the edge of the course and glided into the deep dark shade of the trees. Brett threw his jeans open, his cock flashed up like a switch-blade knife. He leaned over, unzipped the old boy's pants, reached down, hauled his tool out and slowly began to pull it off.

"Suck me," Brett's words almost hard, a firm command. The old geezer glommed onto Brett's prick, his wet slobbering lips mouthed the knob. Brett could feel warm saliva running down his cock. Almost disinterestedly Brett hauled away at the old man's dong, enjoying the feeling of the hot mouth sliding up and down his pecker. Eyes half-closed Brett was vaguely aware of other golfers toddling by in their carts, intent on their game and golfing scores. **Dumb bastards!** Brett noticed a single player walking through but was unable to concentrate on him. The old man was turning out to be a really good cock-sucker and he had Brett moaning and gyrating up off the seat, thrusting his cock up into the greedy old mouth. Brett groaned again as he felt the flood of his cum boil out of his prick. Hot lava, shooting, erupting! The old man swallowed it and lay back sighing, licking the last of Brett's juice from his lips.

Brett was wringing wet with sweat, aware his cock was slowly going down, still dribbling in diminishing jerks. Shaking his head to clear away the last red haze of his excitement he began to pump the old man off again. He listened to the old boy's sighs and moans of pleasure until with rapid jerking Brett felt the tool swell slightly and watched the gism pour out and run hot and sticky down over his hand. The old coot's prick suddenly went limp and it was all over. Glancing up Brett noticed, with some alarm and panic, the single guy he'd seen playing through was just turning and walking away. Shit! The bastard had been watching the whole deal. Now there was a chance Brett would be reported and thrown off the course. Probably banned from every court in town. **God-damn! Well, that was the breaks.**

The old man was tired but made a pretense of playing through to nine holes, then in silence they drove back to the clubhouse. He pressed the largest tip Brett had ever received into his hands along with a neat little business card, and a silly high cackle of an invitation for Brett to call any night. **Crap! The old fool.** Brett just shrugged, pushed the card into his pocket and walked away. The card would go in a drawer full of such cards and hastily scribbled phone numbers that were rarely ever used.

Still worried about the chances of being reported Brett looked around for the guy he'd seen on the course. He didn't see him so went to caddy for his next party. All afternoon upon his return to the clubhouse he expected to get the old heave-ho. Finally at 4 o'clock he checked out and shoved off for the showers. Pushing through the doors into the locker room Brett saw only one guy and he was sitting naked on one of the low wooden benches toweling off his face and chest. Brett skinned out of his clothes and walked by the guy with only a nod of his head at the man's hello. Under the stinging shower the aggravations of the day washed away along with the sweat and dried cum. Turning around he looked up to see the guy watching him. A chill of thrill raced through Brett ending in a slight tremor that caused his prick to twitch. Deliberately he began to soap up. Turning his backside to the guy he washed the crack of his ass. Then turning around he began to really lather up, paying particular attention to his crotch. Brett stretched his soapy prong out at the guy, waiting for a reaction. The fellow stretched out on the hard bench and continued to watch Brett, his hand straying down to play with his dong. Brett switched to cold water and pranced for a few minutes under the icy blast. Toweling off he strolled over to the guy and stood directly over him. Silently the two men stared at each other. Then it dawned on Brett, this was the guy that had watched he and the old man. Toweling his balls idly Brett bent over and grasped the guy's pecker. The fellow gasped as his cock began to stiffen under Brett's steady pulling. "Faster," he whispered. "Harder!"

Brett obliged, knowing that if anyone walked into the locker room now, there certainly as hell would be a chance of his dismissal, but he threw caution to the wind. Besides the guy was well built and Brett was a sucker for big pricks. He smiled at the pun and savagely began giving the guy a good cock-stretching. The fellow's bare feet smacked down on the floor and his ass slapped up and down as he bounced against the jerking-off. He moaned to a squirting fountain. Brett pulled him off a few times and then dropped the still throbbing tool and walked to his clothes and began pulling them on. "You dirty sonofabitch!" the guy muttered, wildly grabbing his cock to finish pumping himself off, just as three guys came laughing and talking noisely through the door. They walked past the guy on the bench. He was still rolling and shaking, pulling at his limp cock working the last of the "feel" and the juice out. As Brett quietly slipped through the door he heard one of the men mutter disgustedly, "Jesus Christ!"

Brett smiled, then laughed. Narrow squeak but no chance of being reported now. He caressed the knob of his swollen hard prick that made a conspicuous fold down his pant leg. Jerking the guy off had got him hot! Brett caught a bus and headed down town.

Climbing out of the cool confines of the air conditioned bus Brett felt the hot summer heat swelter around him. He felt sweat trickle around his balls and headed for the nearest flick. Almost gratefully he walked into the cool darkness of the theatre. After his eyes became accustomed to the dim light he looked carefully about him until he spotted what he was really looking for.

Quietly Brett slid into a seat next to a tall lanky kid. Sitting quietly for a few minutes, he then began to squirm. Pretended to try and find a more comfortable position he let his hand "accidently" fall into the kid's lap. The kid tensed, but made no pretense to move Brett's hand. Both kept their eyes on the screen. Finally Brett felt the boy raise up so that Brett could feel his prick. Gently Brett rubbed his hands down between the boy's legs, feeling the cock growing hard and straining up against the jeans. Then Brett heard the soft sound of the boy's zipper slipping down and Brett reached deep inside the pants to fondle the balls for a few seconds and then grip the hard cock. Brett undid his own pants and the boy's hand grabbed his pecker. For a few minutes both just hung onto each other, feeling the pulse beats that were coursing up their meats. They scrooched down a bit and began to slowly masturbate each other.

A pimply-faced usher walked down the aisle, flashing his light briefly up the rows of seats. He knew what he was looking for. In fact he hoped to find a couple of kids playing with themselves. Usually did, and often intimidated the poor little guys into the Men's Room where he would get them to suck him off. If he was lucky he would get a cock-suck at least three times on his shift. All he saw was Brett, hands folded acrossed his chest in plain sight and a lanky kid, intent on watching the flick. Dumb asses! After the usher cleared the theatre Brett heard the lanky kid snicker and they both grabbed at each others throbbing cocks and resumed their jerking-off. Brett felt the kid tense and come, then his own prick pressed forward into the working hand and his cum splashed against the seat in front of him. Standing, Brett rolled his meat into his pants and zipped up. "I suck cock," the lanky kid said hopefully. Brett reached over, shoved the kid's head roughly down between his own legs. "Well, there it is," and then turned and walked out of the theatre!

Brett stepped out into the dark night. It was a few degrees cooler but not much. He headed for the busy bus terminal and at the lunch counter ordered a hamburger, fries and coffee. He ate slowly, looking about him, enjoying the clamour and noise. Finishing, he walked into the Men's Room. Few guys. A big sinuous looking bastard was washing his hands, then idly began combing his hair. Brett stepped up to the head, turning slightly sideways, in case the guy was interested, hauled out and noisely took a leak. Shaking the dew off his lily he glanced up in time to see the guy shift his eyes back to his hair combing. The fellow hadn't missed a trick but his face was blank. Brett washed his hands and then walked into a booth, sat down and waited. He was disappointed as he heard the fellow leave.

Well hell, he'd just try the "Funny-Fones." Digging out a stub of pencil and the white card the old man had given him Brett wrote down several fresh looking phone numbers scribbled on the toilet walls. Crossing the main floor of the terminal Brett saw the big sinewy guy buying a pack of smokes. Brett stuck his lower lip out, his brow wrinkled in thought, something interesting there but he couldn't figure it. He stepped into the phone booth.

On the third ring a husky heavy voice wheezed a "Hello." "Mr. Assman?" "Huh! Oh yeah!" "Got heat problems tonight? If so, come down to Traveland and get cooled off. Just ask for Brett." "Umm," the heavy voice hummed, "Oh in about 15 minutes. Okay?" "Okay." Brett felt excitement rising in him. He dialed two more numbers but no answers, the third number rang once and a slightly falsetto voice spoke. "Mr. Succor?" The conversation traveled similar to the first, time elapse, 25 minutes for Mr. Succor to get to Traveland. Brett was elated, his cock was beginning to stiffen in anticipation. Hurrying across the terminal for the latrine he glanced about for the big guy but he was evidently gone. A small wave of disappointment swept over Brett.

Walking into the toilet booth and just for kicks Brett slipped out of his pants and hung them on the hook on the door. He sat down bare-assed on the stool and played with his prick. Just as he was about to decide the guy wasn't showing the toilet door swung open. "Brett?" Christ, the guy was a fat ass with a greasy mop of hair. Assman just glanced at Brett, opened his fly and pulled out a thick ugly piece of meat, the knob a deep purple. "Up!" Brett stood and turned around knowing where he was going to get it. He felt the huge tool push up his ass, fat, sweaty pudgy hands on his hips pulling him onto the hot dong! Brett groaned a little with the pain, nearly reeled with the garlicy-whiskey breath that was matching the thrusting ass-fucking he was getting. He relaxed a little and began to enjoy the feeling of the hot prick slipping in and out of his asshole. Assman shot his wad, practically sobbing as he pressed his sweaty face against Brett's back, his cock shooting out its load. Then he pulled his rapidly wrinkling dingus out, flopped it into his pants and without a word walked out of the booth. Brett leaned gasping against the back wall feeling the hot sticky semen seep down the insides of his legs. Just as he turned to reach for toilet tissue the door was thrust open sending him crashing backwards into the wall. It was the big sinewy guy. Brett was scared. **A God damned cop!** Brett gritted his teeth and stood up in front of the quiet guy whose eyes were taking all of Brett in. The guy's hands reached out and he stroked Brett's chest, ran big palms down Brett's sides, thumbs tumbling over belly muscles. He caressed Brett's balls and rubbed the tip of the knob. Brett hadn't realized he was holding his breath as a big sigh of release escaped his lungs. The fellow opened his trousers, Brett blinked at the biggest cock he'd seen in a long time. **This guy was a stud!**

Stud turned Brett around instructing him to climb on the stool. On his knees Brett leaned as far forward as possible, a little cramped but he didn't have much time to think about that. The thick shaft slid like a hot poker up his ass. Stud pumped slowly, reaming deeper with each push, the pushes coming faster and harder. Brett stifled a groan of penetration pain at the prostate massage he was getting. **Christ!** Never had he been ass-fucked twice in a row, nor ever felt what he was humping back against now. Excitement drooled out of his flopping cock! Stud's hands were rippling over Brett's chest, stomach, back, loins, thighs, pulling at his cock, squeezing his balls, increasing Brett's excitement to the pitch of his own. Faster, driving harder, the rod, a hot piston, suddenly exploded inside Brett. The big cock pounding, pouring out gism till Brett began to think it would never stop. Finally pulling out the guy leaned back against the door gasping, then he wiped his prick off and stuffed it back into his pants. "You get tired of balling in toilets, look me up. I'll be home!" He jammed a scrap of paper into Brett's pants still hanging on the door and walked out.

Brett shook his head to clear it, he felt as though he could still feel that battering ram hammering in and out

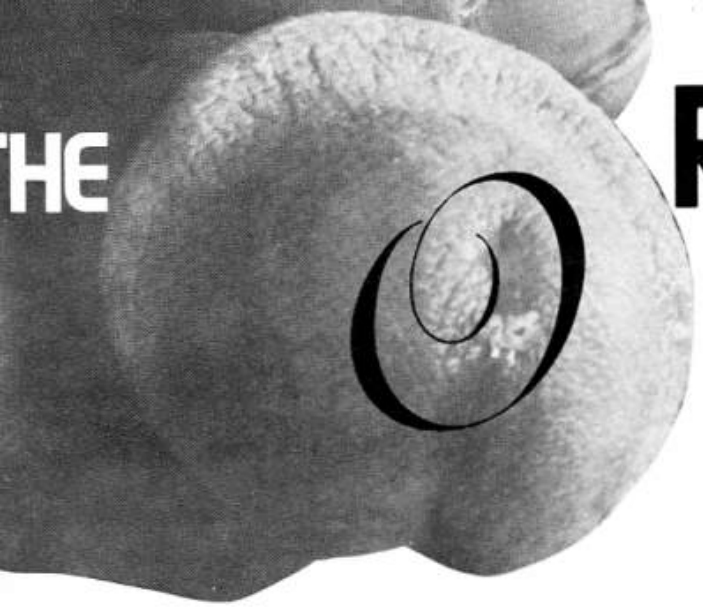
of him. **Oh God! It was good!** He wiped himself off, pulled on his pants and was about to leave when a timid push on the door admitted Mr. Succor. **Oh shit!** Brett had forgotten about him, his mind still on the big prong that had just taken him. Succor wasn't much, as Brett suspected. Brett just left his pants open as Succor sucked his cock and jerked his own meat off. Succor shot too soon and sort of lost interest in Brett at almost the same time. Seemingly satisfied, though still leaving Brett half finished he simply upped and walked out. Brett breathed a disgusted sigh of relief and rapidly hurried out of the bus terminal to collapse in his bed for a long, deep sleep. His hand cuddled his not-so-private parts. **Hell, I've had my fill, for a couple of days, at least!**

THE END

AITING

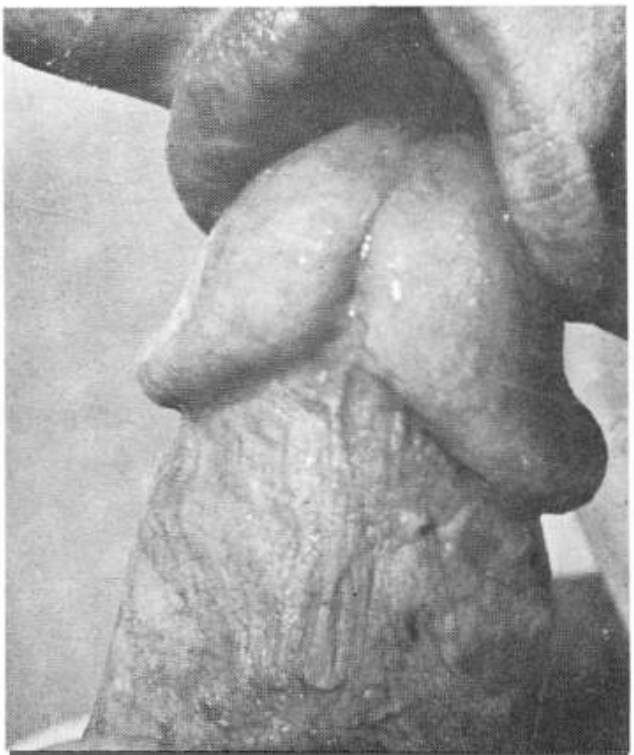
GO AHEAD, NOBODY 'LL SEE YOU ! ! !

AH THAT FEELS GOOD !



THE ORAL URGE IN HO

As will be seen from the illustrations accompanying this book, fellatio is by far the most prevalent form of sexual activity among homosexuals in this country. To qualify this statement it should be stressed that it is relevant only insofar as this country is concerned and that the conclusion has been arrived at after extensive reading, viewing of photographs and films and interviews with overt and highly articulate homosexuals, both in and out of the psychoanalytical spectrum. Another preference altogether may prevail in that vast outer fringe of sporadic, casual homosexuality.



Historically, oral genital stimulation is a relatively recent phenomenon. It was very rare in ancient Greece and Rome and was generally looked upon as degrading; apparently it became common only around the eighteenth century. So called "sixty-nine" was unknown in the ancient world, as their written erotica contained no expression known to have this meaning, and their visual erotica never depicted the practice.

The first mention of the numeral 69 with a sexual meaning seems to have been around the time of the French Revolution and even at the time of the world's greatest outpouring of erotic literature, the Victorian era, it was very infrequently described. One can only assume, then, that it was popularized

> *Baseball and tennis have yet to successfully compete with the orgasm.*
>
> —LEE R. STEINER

by Americans as they began to travel more and more to other countries, somewhat in the same manner as their exports such as Coca Cola. That one of the two favorite American slang expressions is "cocksucker" is evidently no accident, giving rise to the theory that the American male is inadequately breast fed in infancy.

Actual oral intercourse is given two names. This is detailed for the benefit of those who wish to have a historical and clinical precedent for their choice of one particular sexual

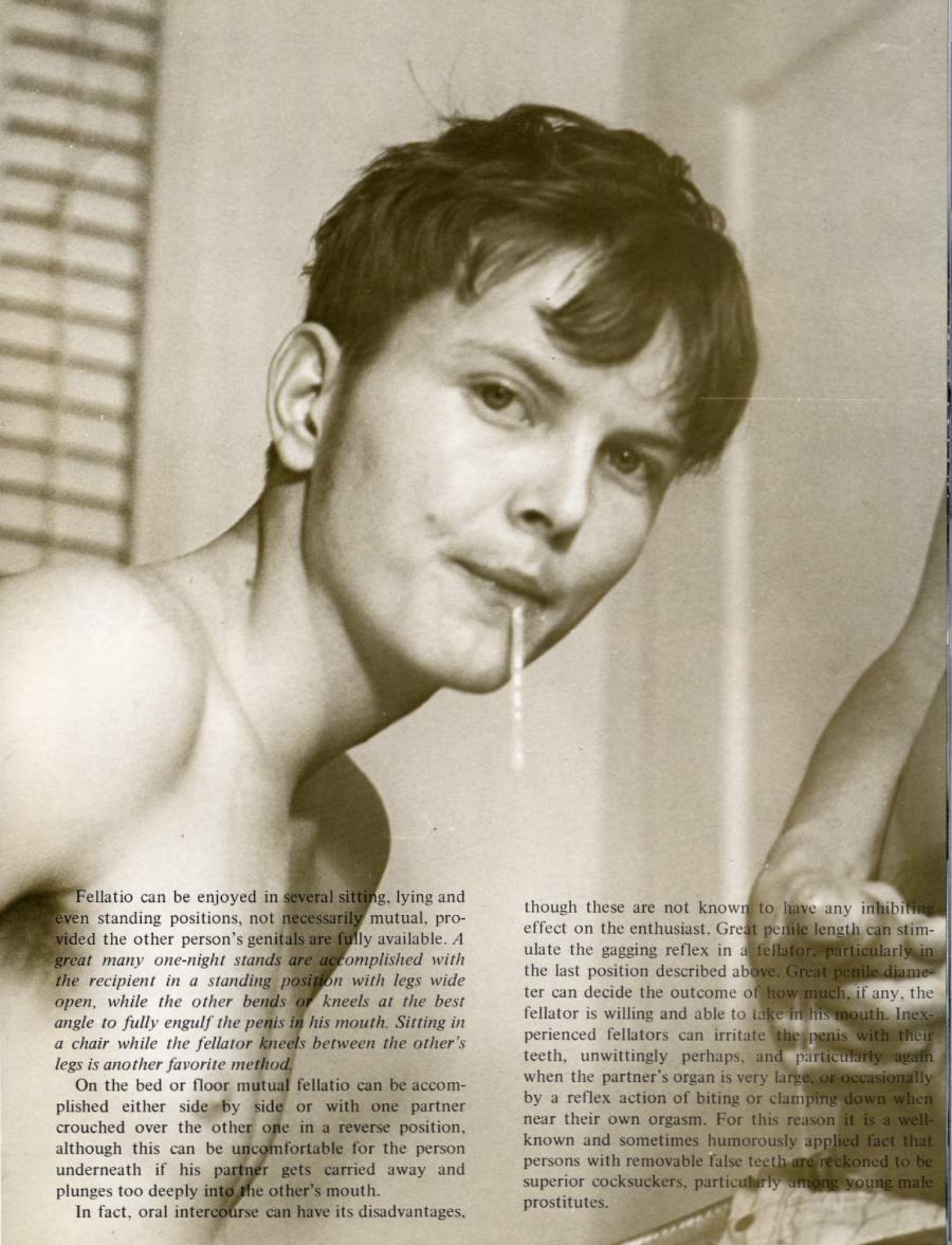
HMOSEXUALS

activity over another as well as for those whose interest is merely clinical. *The person using his tongue and lips on the other's genital area is said to be performing* fellation, *from the Latin word meaning to suck. The person inserting his phallus into the partner's mouth is said to be performing* irrumation, *from the Latin* irrumatio, *a verb originally meaning to give the nipple to an infant.*

The sensations experienced by the irrumator are approximately the same as those experienced by someone performing vaginal intercourse with a woman who knows how to contract the vaginal sphincter muscles, except that with the woman there is the additional advantage of face-to-face contact. However, it was learned from one interviewee that this is precisely why many hmosexuals prefer fellatio, mutual or otherwise, in that all the attention is concentrated on the genitals without the bothersome need to vocalize or otherwise indicate affection in the more traditional manner.

The sensations experienced by the fellator vary from case to case. As mentioned before, with some individuals there is a recreating of what appears to be the sensations associated with breast feeding. With others the sensation is mildly pleasurable and much the same as that found in tongue kissing; the stimulation comes then partly from awareness of the intense pleasure his partner is experiencing. Much the same can be said of those who indulge in *cunnilingus*, oral vaginal stimulation of the female, and for much the same reasons.

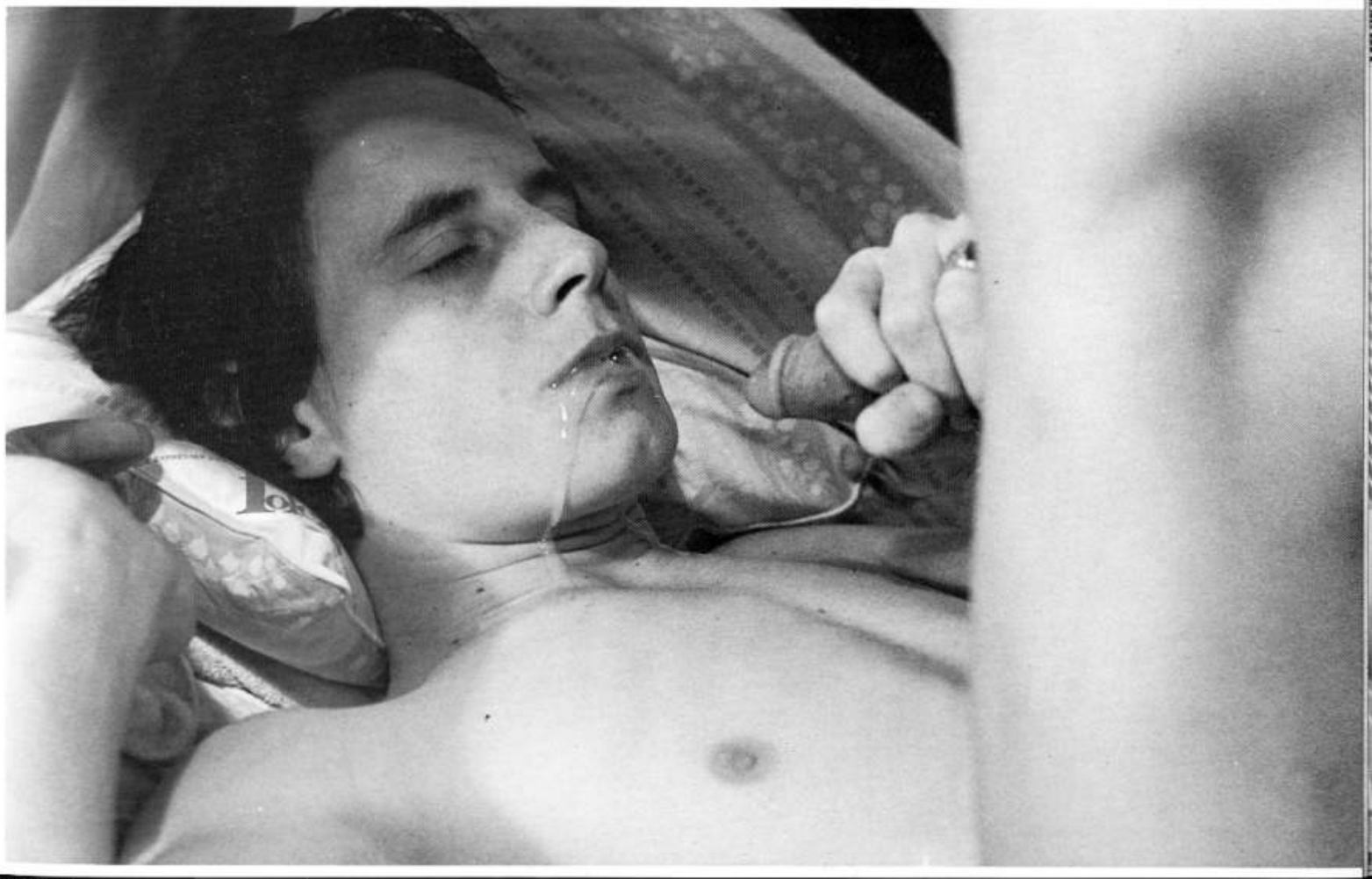
To the unselfish lover great excitement can be obtained in sexual contact with male or female by observing one's partner's reaction: heavy breathing, squirming, involuntary cries, sighs, and spasmodic movements of the body, and from knowing that one is giving the other person such delicious sensations. And when two individuals care enough about each other to take delight in giving each other such sensations, their own physical pleasures are thereby enhanced a great deal more.



Fellatio can be enjoyed in several sitting, lying and even standing positions, not necessarily mutual, provided the other person's genitals are fully available. *A great many one-night stands are accomplished with the recipient in a standing position with legs wide open, while the other bends or kneels at the best angle to fully engulf the penis in his mouth. Sitting in a chair while the fellator kneels between the other's legs is another favorite method.*

On the bed or floor mutual fellatio can be accomplished either side by side or with one partner crouched over the other one in a reverse position, although this can be uncomfortable for the person underneath if his partner gets carried away and plunges too deeply into the other's mouth.

In fact, oral intercourse can have its disadvantages, though these are not known to have any inhibiting effect on the enthusiast. Great penile length can stimulate the gagging reflex in a fellator, particularly in the last position described above. Great penile diameter can decide the outcome of how much, if any, the fellator is willing and able to take in his mouth. Inexperienced fellators can irritate the penis with their teeth, unwittingly perhaps, and particularly again when the partner's organ is very large, or occasionally by a reflex action of biting or clamping down when near their own orgasm. For this reason it is a well-known and sometimes humorously applied fact that persons with removable false teeth are reckoned to be superior cocksuckers, particularly among young male prostitutes.

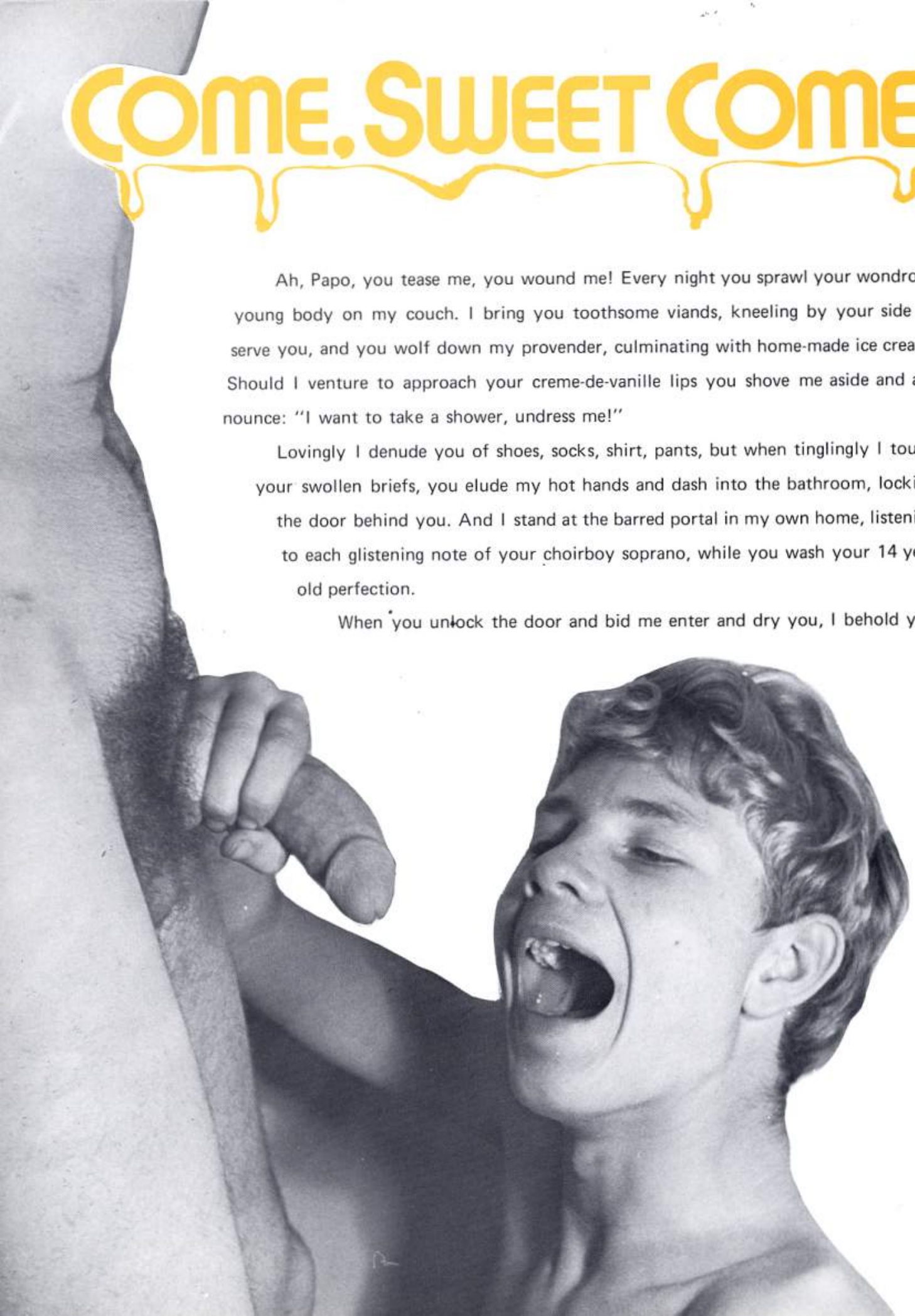


COME. SWEET COME!

Ah, Papo, you tease me, you wound me! Every night you sprawl your wondrous young body on my couch. I bring you toothsome viands, kneeling by your side to serve you, and you wolf down my provender, culminating with home-made ice cream. Should I venture to approach your creme-de-vanille lips you shove me aside and announce: "I want to take a shower, undress me!"

Lovingly I denude you of shoes, socks, shirt, pants, but when tinglingly I touch your swollen briefs, you elude my hot hands and dash into the bathroom, locking the door behind you. And I stand at the barred portal in my own home, listening to each glistening note of your choirboy soprano, while you wash your 14 year old perfection.

When you unlock the door and bid me enter and dry you, I behold you



standing on the bathmat, waiting. And you lower your manual fig-leaf slowly, till the wreath of bronze pubic curls sears my sight, as I haltingly glide the towel north of your navel and south of your knees.

And when I guide the damp towel under your legs, into the valley, and tickle you there, your hands dart down and your weapon springs up like a drawbridge, exposed! And into my dark, warm tunnel it goes! I slide down your velvet highway and ride there til I taste the sweetness of your essence, your very being.

Your sweet coming and bleak going!

Because, when you are dressed you ask to "borrow" five dollars for a hot date. I give it to you and you throw me a kiss as you leave. Then you are gone.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS ATTEMPT

HOW TO SUCK YOURSELF OFF!

The writer is a College Point, N.Y. fella with a big dong and a propensity for the joys of body-worship—especially his own. After scoring such a success sucking himself off, he is now probing ways to fuck himself with that wonder tool. As he says regarding his self-exploration, "Familiarity breeds attempt!"

If you're like a thousand other guys you've probably been wondering what it's like to give a blowjob; I mean what a girl *feels* as she does it, what it tastes like in her mouth, and what the cum's flavor is like and why they're always so goddamned reluctant to swallow the stuff. For chrissake, you'd think it was battery acid.

Anyway, this conundrum was occupying my idle moments when I had a flash of inspiration: *Why not try to give myself a blowjob?* I knew my body was in pretty supple shape, so I proceeded right then and there to take down my pants, strip off my jockey shorts and proceed to experiment.

Shafts of light penetrated the closed venetian blinds as I lay on the carpeted floor of the bedroom. I hadn't felt so much excitement and anticipation since the first time I learned to jerk off. I felt an excitement any pioneer might feel as he painfully pushed ahead man's consciousness by an original discovery.

I lay on my back and proceeded to put the palms of my hands under my ass. Supporting the lower part of my body with my elbows I began to lift it up in the air and over my head till the big toes of both feet touched the floor and I was staring at my turgid, throbbing cock quivering at attention like a saluting recruit.

I paused in that position to assess the posibilities. Then, moving my head forward, I touched the glans penis with my tongue and wet it, preparatory to taking in the rest of the doughty dangler. Once the tip was wet the rest seemed to come naturally—a simple in-and-out motion that left me bemused by its wondrously smooth texture and why it is that I wouldn't suck someone else's cock. Too fastidious, I guess, but I enjoyed, hell *loved*, sucking myself off, even as you enjoy the smell of your own farts while finding others' obnoxious. As I was pondering this paradox I felt the telltale tickle in my groin, the signal that gives promise that you're getting ready to come.

I waited for the milky gush . . . and it came. It tasted like a bland, unflavored breakfast cereal. I spat it out and let the rest spill on my face, its silken smoothness running down the sides of my face, my eyelashes clotted with the sticky stuff like so much morning dew caught on a spider's web. I had that closed-eyed, St. Theresa-in-ecstasy, blissful feeling of beatitude that I'd often seen on my fellatrix bedmates after they took a load of mine all over the face.

Auto-fellatio? As they saying goes, *Don't knock it unless you've tried it.* Or, as the TV ad puts it, *Try it, you'll like it.* At the very least, you'll be able to stop pestering HER with questions about whether she really enjoys giving you head or if she does because *you* like it.

My cock gave back a nodding salute as I jumped back on my feet and proceeded to massage my sore back. I felt a little sheepish at this point, as unique probably in what I'd accomplished as Neil Armstrong after his first solitary step on the moon's surface. I was more than a little proud of my originality, since no one could have scooped me on this act unless it was old rubberass Houdini himself.

MOUTHFUL

Not for sale to Minors

FEATURES: HOW TO SUCK YOURSELF OFF * THE ORAL URGE IN HOMOSEXUALS * BRETT GETS HIS FILL * COME SWEET COME!